

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
Rook and Turkeys.



ROyalty and Dominion, and Fealty and Obedience, are those necessary Institutions for the support and preservation of Order and Society in the World, that they seem design'd for the Oeconomy of the whole Creation: And Prerogative and Subjection are not only found among Birds and Beasts, but we may trace down a Sovereign Head even to the Hive and the Honey-Comb, in the very Jurisdiction of a poor Plantation of Bees.

As Authority and Servitude, therefore, are those Universal Bonds of Communion; our present small Treatise, tho' great Theme, is a Select and Compendious Collection of the Ethics, Politicks, and Administration of some late Reigns, within the Airy Principality, the Empire of the *BIRDS*.

In a certain rich and fat Northern Soyle, long had there reign'd a Succession of Royal *EAGLES*; and so reign'd, with such a Constitution of *Monarchy*, as best aggrandiz'd the Sovereign, and best eas'd the Subject: For where Love and not Fear obeys, is the Prince truly Greatest; and where the Links of Duty and Submission are Bracelets, not Fetters, is Subjection truly lightest and happiest.

To make this *Aquilinary* Sovereignty thus Great, and withal, thus easie; the *Grand Cou-*

cil of the *STORKS*, those ever pious Patriots, that carry their aged Sires on their Backs, were always call'd in as Assistants to this *Supreme Administration*: And thus joining in the common Sanction and Boundaries of Command and Homage, the whole Precepts and Rules of their own Duty and Obedience, nothing could more contribute to the general Felicity, than this *Union and Consort* of Government.

The *Eagles*, whilst they thus govern'd, truly carried the *Thunder* in their Talons, being the universal Darling Majesty at home, and no less universal *Terror* abroad. But when any irregular mistaken Ambition of extending their Power too far, put 'em upon too large a stretch of Wing, the Popular Jealousie was always so wakeful and ever so dreadful to such Inflits and Encroachments, that the too aspiring Soarers still fail'd in their Hopes. For Instane of old, when the Royal *Aquilaries* fluttered too high, and prey'd too sharp, how often have the *Infurrections* of the whole *Noble Faulcony* made Head against them, to many a torn Plume, bloody Peak, and broken Talons between 'em? Witness the Purchase of their Great *Forrest Charter*, and the rest of their ample and spacious *Rangries*, obtained at no less than the price of their Blood. For, indeed, to sum up the whole Genius and Souls of this Northern Colony, they could ne-

ver brook either Cover or Cage-door to their Great *Aviary*. The free and open Air were the Birth-right they challenged, and even the poorest Rustick Poultry claim'd that asserted Property to chuck in their own Roofs, and crow at their own Barn-door.

But of all our boasted Strength and Glory, the fair Effects of this great *Royal Union*, nothing could equal the once illustrious *VIRGIN IR. Eagle's Reign*, that Miracle of Imperial Sway, so link'd in all her adoring Subjects Hearts, that all the singing Quires, the universal Musick of the Fields, on every Bough chirp'd round her. 'Twasthen, and by that influencing Ascendance, her bold Commission'd *DRAKE* dealt forth her flaming Vengeance, and made that glorious *Conflagration*, that *blazing File* of her cruelt Foes, as rendered the trembling Universe her Vassal. Could any fluttering Neighbour, round her, grow too Proud or Insolent! No; the Great *Virgin Terror* soon clipt his Wings; more especially, if any impudent *Water-Fowle* pretended to make the least Hover within her own sole Sovereignty, the great *Fence-Moat* round her *Aviary*.

But, alas! this National Happiness was a Blessing too great to be Immortal: During her long happy too short Reign, indeed, it last'd. But, oh, what sudden Fall from all that Grandeur! Her too Hen-hearted Talonless Successor, so dwindled all our Native Awe and Greatness, so poorly fled his Beak, so suffered the whole crowing Neighbourhood to grow upon us, as entayl'd that miserable descending Patrimony to his too unhappy Heir. Unhappy indeed! for what betwixt his natural Aversion to the great *Storkery*, his too passionate Fondness of some bloated-feather'd Favourites, and the too deep Resentments of his over-jealous Homagers, (the both sides too fatal Frailty) that violent and tremendous *Irruption* broke forth, as ended not till it not on'y dismounted, but embruted their barbarous sacrilegious Fury in the poor bleeding *Eagles* Veins, and drove his young pittied *Eaglets* into a wretched wandring *Exile*; whilst a whole Neft of *croaking Ravens* perch't the Royal Cedar, and an usurping barbarous *Griffon*, that party-compound Monster, fill'd the Throne. 'Tis true, to give even Treason and Infidelity their due, he carried Terror, the dread of Nations, with him; but Right and Justice, those

fairest Plumes of Power, were wanting. Till Heaven, at last, in pity to our Sufferings, as he had raign'd in Storms, dislodg'd him in a *Whirlwind*; summon'd the roaring Elements to his *Exit*, and lowr'd the gawdy *Pageant*; his despised, now no longer formidable Relicks, referred only to be hung up a Scare-crow on a Perch, and his Crest advanced to a Pinnacle.

But now the too long mourning Aviary, with flagging Wings and murmuring Notes, all drooping saw their too mistaken Folly, and watching the blest occasion (a too poor Expition) of gathering up the Spoils of Majesty, and restoring the too long borrowed Regale Plumes, assisted by aiding *Miracles*, recall'd the banisht *Eagles*. But, oh, what echoing Triumphs received them! The *Dove* and the *Olive-branch*, the *Swallow* and the *Spring*, came 'fore with them. Now *Royalty* and her great *Eagle* was once more remounted; and so remounted, so met, so welcomed, those thousand thousand Chanticleers to greet him, that nothing was thought too rich to deck his shining Neft, at this more than *Phoenix* Resurrection; insomuch, that that profusion of Joys carrest him, that upon all Occasions our opening Hearts never thought the plucking of our own richest *golden Feathers* too much to pleasure him.

With this general *Harmony* in the great *Aviary*, never was a fairer opportunity presented, for the Royal *Eagle* to recover the ancient Renown and long lost Glory of his *Ancestry*; and by following the famous *Virgin President*, have copied, if possible, beyond the Original. And, indeed, never was more Occasion for pushing for that Recovery, or patterning from that Example. For it was in this Reign that the neighbouring *Tyrant VULTURE* began to feed his wild *Ambition*, and gorge with that Spoil and Rapine as threatened the whole Western World. The *Imperial remoter Eagle* already felt his Pounces; and all the weaker Neighbourhood, round him, were daily craven'd and daftarded before him. And though the common foreseen Danger might possibly come last to his door, yet our *Weakey'd Royal Eagle*, either not able to face the Rising Sun before him, or disolv'd in his supiner *Ease* and *Luxury*, look'd not so far beyond him as to morrow; instead of opposing and reducing this too formidable *Incroacher*, rather animated and assisted his Ambition: And though elected the com-

common *Arbiter General*, so far derogated from that Trust and Character, as to promote rather than check the spreading Desolation; whilst not only scarce a young *Noble Faulcon* among us, but either flusht his Talons, and all our young *Cock-eril* sharpened their Spurs in the great *Vultures* Cause; or else by a more shameful too spreading Degeneracy, our daily debasing Breed from the once Glory of the *Cock-pit*, now, *R-s ad Exemplum*, were dwindled only to Heroes at a *Hens-roost*.

But above all, for the full Consummation of our Calamities (*Hinc ille Lachryme*) our Royal *Eagle* himself moulted all his own Royalty to *imp* the *Vultures* Wings; and all by an unaccountable Fondness and Servility to that very un hospitable Nest that once most shamefully refused his own Exil'd Foot and wearied Wing a Refling-place.

But if all these Infelicities attended this *Dvng Administration*, what melancholy face of Confusion must the following Reign produce? Here, (*meminisse borres*) what too just Fears surrounded us. Now all the old *Church-Daws* were all upon the Flutter and the Wing for the re-builing their ancient *Nests* again. The Owl-light Sculkers and Night-bats flew in open day; nay, *Leguas* and *Embusies* were posted over to the *Tripple-comb'd Peters Cock*, to invite him to his old Roost again among us; and already he began so to crow upon us, and his *Maudlin-Harpes* Claws had fixt so fast; and a hundred other of his *Porcupine-quill'd* Sharpers were so brooding, as gave us a fair Sample of what we must expect. And all these extravagant Irregularities acted with that hardy Crest and strutting Tail, that with a perfect *Ebridge Stomach* we d'gested even *Vows, Oaths and Honour*, as easie as Nails and Pebbles. And what between a *Hemp-cke Ascendance* over him, and his own natural Infatuation, to what poor Shifts did our descending *Egle* stoop? Nay, it was shrewdly to be suspected, that even a false Egg was hatcht for an Inheriting *Eglist*.

But not to dwell too long on so ungrateful a Theme. 'Twas enough, that the inevitable approaching Danger so frightened the whole Aviary, that for their own Preservation they implored the Succour of a new generous *C H A M P I O N Egle* to take Wing, and speed over for our Protection. How the whole Choristers

of the Grove saluted their welcom *Deliverer*, is so fresh in Memory, as not to want a Repetition. Let it suffice, that what betwixt a Crest-fall and a Crop-sick shame and confusion, our great Despairer poorly wheel'd off for Shelter under his too long darling *Vultures* Wing, and left the great *abandon'd Cedar*, the Meed and Reward from the unanimous grateful *Storkery*, to our young bold *Eagle* and his fair *Royal Mate*. Now all our Frights soon vanisht, whilst the whole Grove were all secure of singing their own native Ayrs, past all the threatening Danger of being either *Peter-cock'd-claw'd* or *Vulture-corp Cage-birds*, or having false Whistlers over us, or false Notes taught us. *Liberty* and *Safety* in their new *Halcyon Flight*, those now unravish'd *Philomels*, cou'd sing without the Thorn at their Breast. In short, the whole old Nest was all dismantled, and the great *Cockatrice-Egg* all addled.

And now the whole Face of Empire changed. The too lately and too long idoll'd *Vulture*, now grown the universal Odium; with a Defiance worthy the great Aviary, from Cooing and Billing, and all our former Gales *Turtle-play*, reviving *Glory* begun to sharpen up her old rusty Gafflets, and whet her blunted Beak. Our now truly *Royal* and only *Long-wing'd Eagle*, led forth to foreign Fields of Honour: And though flying at a too head-strong Game, (our own only Fault, the Flight begun no sooner, and the Quarry so over-grown) yet despising Dangers, Odds and Inequality, made those impetuous Flights at the bold *Vulture*, that never was Clash more fierce or Grapples more terrible. Nay, there was once a Day, when had our shrinking Reer but seconded our bolder leading Front, their whole Glory had been struck down before us, and the whole Field of Prey been all our own.

And 'twas now our *Royal Eagle*, by the great *Virgia Example*, set forth our second great *Ocean D R A K E*, his bold deputed *Thunderer*, who in that memorable Scene of deathless Glory, drove their whole flying *Craven-Block* like so many dared Larks before him, shamefully sculking home, with all the Wing that Fear cou'd make, for Covert for their Coward Heads; where in the face of the whole trembling *Vultury*, he put fire to the Coop, and set 'em a blazing.

Such was the Glory of that Illustrious Day, and such the Worth and Honour that atchieved it. Yet even such Worth, though solemnly congratulated

uled by the acknowledging *Storkery*, however not able to tune his Ayrs with the Great *Bull-Fi* — *b*, was laid by: And his deuested Power lodg'd in a Tripple Succession of new chosen Favourites. These promising new Darlings, resolv'd to out-fly their predecessor, were for carrying their Thunder even to the *Vulture's* own Door. But oh the fatal Fatality of defeated Hopes! Alas! fallen short of all thos'e towering Wonders, they came too late; for the Penn was empty, and the *Birds* were flown. But Miscarriage never wants Misfortune for a Plea; some pretended to prattle, that want of Provost might possibly retard their otherwise nimble speed; some flic't not to say, that posibly some Canary Birds might perhaps have too much Rape in their Trougues, and yet want a little Hempseed, or so: but that Shadow vanish't, and that Calamny was clear'd. However, whatever impeding Oblacle hinder'd, as whether not unhooded in good time, or not whistled off soon off, or what else, &c. so it was, that they only took a long *Rovers* to no purpose, only shook their wanton Bells a little, and so home again: For as we said before, the Birds were flown.

Flown! did I say! and good reason too. For instead of dry Buffets and hard Beaks at home, they had a fatter Prey and an easier Game a little farther abroad. For about this time from our Aviary was a great *Turkey Drove* design'd to travel that way; headed by a Leading *ROOK* and a small attending *Rookery*. (a too slender Guard against such potent Talons) that at that very Pass, with their unwieldy Bulks and wealthy Feathers must run full into their Mouths; For whose waited Reception these keen Expectants lay hovering. I confess, this travelling *Rokery* and his Rich Charge, had several Months before been prepared for their Movement; but some Stop or other still kept them in their Coops, and this was the only Hour of Departure.

No sooner were they set out and past Recal, but the whole publick Out-cry was waken'd, and alarm'd at their Danger. The affrighting dread of a *Decoy* rais'd a hundred untuneable Murmurs,

even to blame both the Gosselin-poll Coop masters and Aviary-keepers; and the modestest Reproach was, to call it a *Bugardijm*. Their Fears, alas, were but too just. For the poor unwary *Rook* and his long heavy-pinion'd Train fell into the Snare. 'Tis true, in this dismal Surprise, and seemingly total Prospect of Ruin, just ready for the *Cormorant* Gorge before us, we had a little more than Ordinary (I might say) almost miraculous Deliverance. For unless a few of our Neighbours Fellow-travelling Flock, that, by moving in the Van, were a little too near their Reach and Gripe, and so fell into their Talons, 'twas our more especial Happiness so to amuse by a false Appearance of our Strength well rang'd and well manag'd (our *Rookeries* prudent After-game) that under the unbrage of that Amusement, and the Terror it rais'd, we secured our Retreat. In short, we made all that nimble Wing as to slip home; only 3 or 4 Stragglers that run into a Friends Coop too weak for shelter, were under those hard Apprehensions, as to be forced to play the Dope-chicks, and duck under Water for their Safety: And one or two of them had the Misfortune to have some of their Upper-tie Feathers singed; and a good shift they got off so.

But had the *Vulture* made a *Home-woop*, and feiz'd the whole Quarry, (as God knows he was little les' than Cock-sure of us) good Heav'n, what a swinging *High-Tory* Feast would he have furnish'd, with so many fat well plumed Pouts, for the Great Bird of *its own Festib*, his own dear *Brother of Ptey* at the *Turky Port*! Nay, the *JAC-Daws* round us fell a chattering at no small rate, and so tickled their Gizzards and Merry-thoughts, and hooted our Succes, as is past Imagination. Nay, a more fatal Consequence attended us (for those *Cacklers* at home we did not so much value:) How did the *Parraques* abroad, and all the tattling *Gillick Magpies* buzz this defeat to *Mabmer's Pidgeon*, to the scandal of the *Royal*, and the prejudice of the *Imperial Eagle*; by boasting the only Vanity they wanted, viz. The Length and Strength of Their Pounces and Talons, and the Shortness and Weaknes of Ours.

L O N D O N: Printed for *Randal Taylor*, near
Stationers-Hall, 1694.